

foreign ministers, and believe I did very well in following that plan.

January 29th,
1797*

I went last night to the *bal abon*ne at the Hotel de Richelieu; it was very much crowded, but, as you may suppose, with few of my acquaintance except those I went with. Madame Campan's sister, Madame Rousseau, was there with a stout unmarried daughter, and a still stouter married one, dancing away all three. I saw many men and women kicking their heels about, whose age would have condemned them to the benches in former days.

Madame Tallien was almost the only tolerable face, though haggard with hard duty and some thinking. She wore a black wig, *en tete de mouton*, sticking up behind, and interwoven with pearls and diamonds. Her dress had much gold and •*pougeau*. She made a great display. Her shoulders are broad, and her figure robust. She dances well, has fine eyes, rather an Irish nose — I mean turned up at the end only. I do not

know
whether you understand me, but
Burke's is so«